

Alone Time by orphan_account

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Summary:

Jonathan and Nancy just wanted some alone time together. Their families, however, had other plans in mind.

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or “the four times Jancy tried to get freaky but we’re interrupted and the one time they weren’t”

## Alone Time

i.

If someone would have told Nancy Wheeler a year ago that she would be madly in love with Jonathan Byers, she would have laughed in their face. It's not that she didn't like Jonathan at the time (they would actually have decent conversations whenever Jonathan came to pick up Will after his weekly Dungeons and Dragons sessions at the Wheeler's), it's just that she never talked to him long enough to get to know him properly. Plus there was the whole matter with Steve.

But here she is, truly and deeply in love with Jonathan Byers. And love makes you do crazy things, like sneak your boyfriend in your room once the whole house went to bed. Jonathan's snuck in many times before to console Nancy after particularly bad nightmares, and she has as well. But it's different when you sneak your boyfriend in because you want to have sex.

Nancy was going over her notes from school that day when a light tap on the window brought her out of her thoughts. She smiled to herself as she walked to the window, knowing what awaits her on the other side. As she slid the window open, Jonathan crept into her room with practiced ease. Nancy didn't even give him time to stand up properly before she was throwing herself at him. Jonathan caught her in his arms quickly and his eyes widened when Nancy began kissing him. He quickly closed his eyes, however, and held her tighter, snaking an arm around her back to pull her closer to him.

Nancy sucked on his bottom lip, eliciting a moan from Jonathan, and pulled away from him a few seconds later. "Well, hello to you too," Jonathan said, slightly dazed. "What's with the greeting?" Nancy giggled and grabbed both of his hands, walking herself backwards to lead him to her bed. "I just missed you, is all," she smirked.

"If that's the greeting I'll get, I'm going to practically avoid you from now on."

"Please, Byers, you'd miss me too much."

The young couple smiled at each other before Jonathan bought a

hand up to Nancy's face, stroking her cheek ever so slightly. He leaned in and kissed her, this kiss being much more gentle than the first one, but just as full of passion and want. Nancy placed a hand on Jonathan's chest and spun them around, pushing him into the bed. He was shocked at her strength but didn't have time to process it because as soon as he was on the bed, Nancy was straddling his hips and kissing him deeply.

Jonathan snaked an arm around Nancy's waist, pulling her closer into him. She placed her hand on his chest and fisted the material. Pulling back, she whispered, "This. Off. Now."

The brown haired boy wasted no time in tugging his shirt off with the help of his girlfriend. When Nancy started to kiss his neck, he worked quickly to unbutton her pajama shirt, needing to be closer to her. He managed to slide the material off of her shoulders before dipping his head into the crook of her neck, sucking deeply, making sure to leave a bruise to remind her that she was all his.

"Hey Nance, I had another nightmare. Do you think I could-HOLY SHIT!"

The two teenagers pulled away from each other quickly, Nancy moving behind Jonathan to cover herself. In the doorway stood one Mike Wheeler, eyes wide and face pale. Jonathan threw his shirt to the young girl who slipped it on in an instant. "Mike! Don't you know how to knock?! What are you doing?" Nancy asked, cheeks stained a deep red color.

"I-I had another nightmare and wanted to sleep in your bed tonight, but I see Jonathan beat me to it," Mike stated, his earlier embarrassment and shock at finding his sister and best friend's brother half naked and making out turning into smugness.

"Don't tell mom and Dad please," his sister begged.

"And what do I get out of this?" Mike enquired.

"I'll drive you anywhere for a month without complaint."

Mike pretended to ponder her proposition. If course he wouldn't tell their parents, he just loved having to power to make Nancy squirm.

“Deal,” he said. Nancy and Jonathan both let out a sigh of relief they didn’t know they had been holding.

“Still wanna have a sleepover, bud? I can send Jonathan home.” Jonathan shot a look of disbelief at his girlfriend, but at seeing the scared look that had taken over Mike’s face once again, he stood up and made his way to the window.

Nancy made room for her brother and shot an apologetic look at Jonathan. She stopped him before he could climb out the window, however, after realizing she was still wearing his shirt.

“Keep it,” he said, putting on his jacket before descending down her window. “It looks better on you anyway.”

“Please don’t ever make me have to see that again,” Mike groaned. “Only if you knock next time, asshole,” the young girl smirked. The two siblings laid down and Nancy reached over to turn out the light. “And one more thing,” the younger boy said. “You might want to wear a turtleneck tomorrow, Nance.”

ii.

Nancy loved Joyce Byers with all her heart. The woman was so sweet to her and was always making sure to shower her two sons with love and affection. That being said, sometimes Nancy really could not stand Joyce. Which brings us to her current situation.

Nancy had gone over to Jonathan’s after school to study (actually study). The young girl couldn’t help herself and just had to keep glancing over at her boyfriend. She was completely enamored with how cute he looked when he scrunched up his eyebrows in concentration, focusing completely on whatever task he was faced with.

“You’re really cute, Byers,” Nancy found herself saying. He looked up a moment later, first shocked, then letting an easy smile spread on his face. “You’re not too bad yourself, Wheeler,” he smirked in reply. The two leaned in to each other, Nancy placing her hand on his chest and Jonathan placing a hand around her neck. Just as their lips were about to touch, the door slammed open and in walked Joyce Byers. The two sprang apart, Nancy playing with her hair (a nervous habit

she developed recently) while Jonathan stood up to greet his mother.

Joyce looked at the two before a look of realization crossed her face. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt you two! Look! I'm going into the kitchen; you won't even know that I'm here," she smiled, albeit a bit flustered and nervously. When she walked into the kitchen, the two teens were quiet. Then, Nancy let out little giggles, prompting Jonathan to chuckle in response.

The two went back to studying for about twenty minutes before they heard Joyce go to her room. Nancy pushed her books away and quickly situated herself on Jonathan's lap. "I love your mom, but that was not cool," she giggled.

"Yep, leave it to her to cockblock and then make things awkward," he murmured. "Now, where were we?"

Nancy smiled and connected their lips at once. She wrapped both arms around his neck, hugging him tight to her chest as if she never wanted to let him go. Jonathan placed his hands on both of her thighs, slowly sliding them up and down to elicit a moan from the girl on top of him.

"Jonathan, dear could you-oh!"

The teens jumped apart at hearing Joyce's voice. They jumped apart too fast and before Nancy knew it she was on the floor having just fallen off Jonathan's lap.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

"Mom, please stop saying you're sorry!"

The three sat in an awkward silence. Nancy started saying, "Um I should really be getting home," at about the same time Joyce said "Please tell me you two are being safe!" Another awkward silence ensued. Jonathan sat looking like a fish, his mouth opening and closing. The two had been walked in on before with Mike, obviously, but Jonathan found this situation ten times more mortifying. It's one thing to have a kid walk in on you, it's a whole other thing to have your own mother walk in on you.

“Yes, Mrs. Byers. Um, we’re being safe. I promise. I really should be getting home soon. Jonathan, drive me?”

He nodded and stood up at lightening speed, heading straight for the door. “Bye, Mrs. Byers, it was lovely to see you,” Nancy smiled awkwardly, feeling her face match the red of her jacket. “Anytime, dear. And please, you know I keep telling you to call me Joyce!”

The two teens thought Joyce seemed entirely too calm for having just walked in on her son and his girlfriend having a heavy makeout session. “Jonathan, dear, buy some condoms while you’re out. You can never have too many!” Joyce called as her son groaned and slammed the door.

“That was absolutely mortifying, Jon.”  
“Tell me about it.”

iii.

On the drive home from that same encounter, Nancy found herself worked up over not being able to have finished what she and Jonathan had started. Smirking to herself, she placed a hand on Jonathan’s thigh as he was driving, relishing in the way she saw his hands tense on the wheel and his breath catch in his throat.

“H-how are you able to do this after just being walked in on by my mom?” He wondered, shivering when he said the word mom. “It’s been a week since either of us has had any action, and I’m kinda pissed we didn’t get to finish what we started on your couch,” his girlfriend said with a shrug.

Jonathan relaxed a little; well, as much as he could with his girlfriend’s hand on his thigh slowly creeping towards his zipper. He made an abrupt right turn and started on a new path. At first she was confused, but after a few more turns, Nancy knew exactly where he was headed.

“Lover’s Lake. Nice choice, Byers.”

Within five minutes they reached their destination (which was thankfully deserted). Lover’s Lake was the notorious hookup spot for teens, and while no one said anything if there were more than one

couple at the point, it made Nancy feel better that there wasn't anyone. At least it would be a little less awkward.

Jonathan wasted no time in unbuckling his seatbelt and moving to the backseat of his car. Nancy, stunned at how eager he was even though not ten minutes ago he was shaken up about his mother walking in on them, sat still for a few seconds. Reality sank in, however, and she followed in her boyfriend's lead.

The moment Nancy shut the door Jonathan was on her—well, as well as he could be on her in his cramped back seat. His hands roamed all over her and she let out a gasp when his hand went to grab at her butt. He took this opportunity to shove his tongue in her mouth, causing Nancy to let out a moan at how eager he was.

Nancy soon attached herself to Jonathan's neck while the latter slipped his hand up her thigh and into her lace panties (while at the same time thanking God that Nancy decided to wear a skirt today).

He teased her for a bit, gently running his finger up and down her slit as she assaulted his neck. He soon added one, two, three fingers and worked them in and out of her tight heat. When he found her sensitive bundle of nerves, she bit down hard on the part where his shoulder met his neck.

At the exact moment, a tap on the window startled the two teens apart. "You have got to be kidding me," Jonathan whined loudly. Nancy, too busy trying to calm her breathing, didn't say anything. Jonathan rolled down the window and instantly paled at the sight.

None other than Chief Jim Hopper had knocked on his window. Not only the Chief, but his mother's boyfriend. How great. "What are you two kids up to back here?" Hopper asked, though from their flushed appearances and the fogged windows, it was obvious what the two had been doing before he interrupted.

The two were too stunned to speak and just sat, staring wide eyed in fear. "What are you doing here?" Jonathan countered back.

"I'm on patrol, trying to stop horny little buggers like you two from committing acts of public indecency."

"Listen, we'll head straight home right now, just please don't get us in trouble," Nancy pleaded, finally finding her voice. Hopper looked between the two for a second and sighed. "I was once like you guys," he started, which was quickly met with a shudder from Nancy and a 'gross' from Jonathan. "So I know what it's like to want some privacy. I'll let you off with a warning but don't let me catch you guys going at it again."

The young couple nodded quickly, spluttering out affirmative replies. Hopper nodded and stood up. "I'll see you two later," he said, before walking back to his car. Jonathan and Nancy waited until they heard his car pull away before relaxing. "Twice in one fucking day; what are the odds?" Nancy mused.

"Apparently not good. I don't know what we did to deserve this," Jonathan grumbled. Nancy chuckled, kissed him on the cheek, and exited the back of the car. Jonathan half heartedly wiped his hand on his jeans and did the same. Clearly some unknown force did not want them to relieve themselves.

iv.

Nancy heard a beep outside her house and jumped up excitedly; Jonathan had just arrived to pick Will up from one of the party's Dungeons and Dragons session. Nancy called down to let Will know that his brother was here, though she knew it was useless as her brother and his friends screamed for 5 more minutes as usual.

The young girl walked outside to find her boyfriend sitting in his car, gently tapping his fingers against the steering wheel to the beat of whatever song he was listening to. As she moved closer to his car, Jonathan's eyes met her and he smiled. He had just jumped out of his car as Nancy reached him.

"Someone was having a little jam session," she smirked. "Oh, yeah. Gotta practice for when I'm a big rockstar someday," he said with a laugh. "Well, Mr. Byers, you know I can't resist rockstars. They're just so...dreamy." Nancy punctuated her sentence by raking her eyes up and down Jonathan's body. That was all it took for him to surge forward and capture her lips in a kiss.

He maneuvered her onto the hood of his car, letting out a little gasp



when she pulled him closer. His hand was in her hair, tugging gently on her locks. Nancy thanked God her parents were not home and hoped her neighbors had better things to do than spy on her and Jonathan.

“...Jonathan!”

The two broke apart, groaning. They looked over at Will who had just made his way over and looked thoroughly uncomfortable. “Uh, hey, bud. How long have you been standing there?” Jonathan wondered.

“I called your name like three times, but I guess you were, um, occupied,” his younger brother murmured, a blush rising on his cheeks. “Alright, well, time to get home,” Jonathan said awkwardly. Nancy scrambled off the hood of his car as fast as she could. She hugged Jonathan goodbye and made her way back to the entrance of her house.

As she was walking, she couldn't help but notice three childish faces staring at her through the window, though they quickly ducked the minute she made eye contact. She shook her head, wondering if her and Jonathan could ever get through one encounter uninterrupted.

+1

Nancy's wish came true about a week later. Will and Mike were having a sleepover at Lucas' with the whole party, Nancy's parents were out of town visiting Karen's mother (taking Holly with them), and Hopper was at home (his real home, not the Byers' house where he was a frequent visitor) with Joyce taking care of a sick Eleven. It was the perfect set up and absolutely no interruptions could happen.

Nancy dashed around the house, double checking that it was tidy—not that they'd be paying any attention to it really. She had just shoved one of Mike's action figures under the table when a swift knock on the door occurred. She took a few minutes to straighten herself out and walked to the door, opening it with a smile that she hoped looked seductive.

“Hey, Nance,” Jonathan said, sending her an endearing smile. She grabbed his arm, wasting no time in kissing him while muttering,

“No time for small talk. Need you.”

Jonathan slammed the door shut, having a sense of déjà vu from their first night together. She placed a hand on his neck and slowly slid it up into his hair, pulling tightly. He let out a groan and grabbed her hips roughly.

They were a mess of clashing teeth and tongues but neither seemed to care. Nancy pulled away but Jonathan leaned in, hoping to capture her lips in another mind blowing kiss.

“Unless you want to fuck in my living room, I suggest we take this to my room. I have a perfectly good bed there,” Nancy smirked. She smiled when she noticed Jonathan’s eyes darken and she grabbed his hand. The two ran up the stairs as fast as they could, eager to resume where they had left off.

Once in Nancy’s room, Jonathan shoved her up against the door and kissed her once again. She moaned particularly loud when he grabbed her wrists and placed them above her head, simultaneously attacking her neck. “Please,” she whimpered.

He loved having her in this position. He was rarely in control—Nancy was surprisingly dominant in the bedroom—but when he was, he made it worth while. “Please what, Princess?” He whispered in her ear, taking one of his hands and sliding it up her leg. Nancy could feel herself getting wetter when Jonathan called her by that nickname. He only used once in a blue moon but it never failed to make her a mess.

“Please do something,” she groaned. He smirked, dropping her hands from above her, and, ever so slowly, began to unbutton her jeans. After sliding them down her hips, he placed a kiss on her tummy. She immediately fisted a hand in his hair, silently pleading him to kiss her where she needed him most. He hooked his thumbs in the waist band of her panties and continued his slow pace, dragging them down her hips to meet her jeans on the floor. Nancy stepped out of both and shivered as Jonathan’s hands gripped her waist tightly.

He placed a kiss to her thigh, sending shivers down her spine. “Jonathan, now,” she begged.

“Not so fast, Princess. What’s the magic word?”

“Please!”

He smirked up at her and spread her legs a little further. His knees would kill him tomorrow from kneeling on the floor for so long but he couldn’t complain now as his position gave him the perfect view of Nancy Wheeler, completely naked and begging for him.

He started slow, placing a chaste kiss on her clit. He then went to her opening, licking up her juices and moaning at the taste. Fueled by the low gasps from the girl above him, Jonathan went a little faster. In no time, he was fucking her with his tongue, alternating between sucking on her clit and rubbing it with his fingers.

Nancy was moaning loudly now, taking full advantage of the empty house. “Fuck, Jonathan. Don’t stop,” she cried out, fisting her hands in his hair once again. The boy beneath her inserted two fingers into her, pumping them in and out steadily while focusing on licking at her clit.

“So close,” Nancy let out. Jonathan sped up and soon felt her walls clenching around his fingers. She was panting heavily as Jonathan stood up to be face to face with her. He smirked at her and placed the two fingers that had recently been inside her into his mouth. “Delicious as always, Princess.”

The two once again met in a passionate embrace, walking towards Nancy’s bed. In the short trip, Nancy managed to lose her shirt and bra—leaving her completely naked—and Jonathan had lost his shirt. While Nancy fumbled with Jonathan’s belt buckle, her boyfriend took her left nipple into his mouth. He sucked and bit at it before giving the same attention to her right one.

Nancy finally managed to undo his belt and flung it across the room. Jonathan sat up quickly and pushed his jeans and boxers down to his ankles. Nancy had opened her mouth, ready to let out another plea for him to do something, but the words never made it out of her mouth. Before she could say them, Jonathan quickly thrust into her. The two moaned loudly, clutching at each other for dear life.

Jonathan began to thrust in and out of her. He hissed at the feeling of

her nails digging into his back, but soon welcomed to sting. He sped up his thrusts, smirking as Nancy's moans grew louder. It never ceased to amaze him that he, plain old Jonathan Byers, could have such an ref then on Nancy Wheeler. Guys like him didn't get the girl but he defied odds.

He leaned down, gently taking her earlobe between his teeth. He then whispered in her ear, "You feel so good, Princess. So tight."

She clenched her eyes shut, pulling him close to her. She wrapped her legs around his waist and soon Jonathan began to piston his hips in and out of her. He once again brought her hands above her head and took one of her nipples into his mouth.

He felt her walls clenching around him and new she wouldn't last much longer.

"Jonathan, I-I'm gonna-."

"Cum for me," he whispered, looking straight into her eyes. She let out a loud moan, practically yelling his name for the whole neighborhood to hear. He gripped her hips, driving into her as fast as he could. Soon after, he groaned her name, seeing stars behind his eyes and feeling euphoric.

He pulled out of her, collapsing onto her bed. For a while, the only sound in the room was their heavy breathing.

Nancy then pulled the covers over both of them, snuggling into Jonathan's chest. He wrapped an arm around her waist and placed a delicate kiss on her forehead. As the two drifted to sleep, they thanked God that they finally had a moment uninterrupted.

### **Author's Note:**

Hope you guys liked it. This was honestly just an excuse to write Jancy smut because there is not enough in this fandom sadly.

Feel free to follow me on tumblr where I post Harry Potter and Stranger Things: @jancysHORCRUX (<https://jancysHORCRUX.tumblr.com>)